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## American Art Journal.

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## PLEASANT SUMMER NIGHTS.

After the mental and physical agony of writing our last editorial, which occurred during the heated term, we suddenly expired.

When we recovered we sent for our overcoat, and asked Joseph Poznanski, our nearest friend who was mourning over our remains, for a hot lemonade with a stick in it (the stick in this case does not mean a walking stick, nor a bad actor). On application of hot bricks to our head and feet, in addition to the calid beverage imbibed internally, we awoke to the consciousness that we were thirty degrees colder than when we departed this sublunary sphere, and we were profoundly grateful for the temperate and moderate changes of our climate.

The happy result of the change is, that we now feel ourselves again, together with a felicitous catarrh in the head, and a lively touch of lumbago. So that things at present are perfectly serene.

Our readers in the country may possibly suppose that what we are about to say does not concern them, but they are mistaken. Whatever rules the hour in the great Metropolis of America should be closely watched by those far distant, for here progress is promulgated and the great thoughts of the active minds of America take root and fructify to the good of all the land. We therefore say to our far-off friends—watch what we are doing and do likewise.

We had no intention of making so grandiloquent a peroration as the preceding, but when genius grasps the mighty pen, something is sure to follow!

Speaking of music, by the way, reminds us of the out-of-doors concerts at Terrace Garden, which are the rage of the day, and may they be so for all time, say we, for we have passed many of the pleasantest evenings

of the year there, and hope to spend many more. Monday evening last, for instance, was worthy to be remembered. It was clear and brilliant, moonlight, a balmy, cool and delicious air was rustling among the trees, of itself music most quaint and beautiful, and as we sat in grateful idleness after the feverish and harassing work of the day, the music so exquisitely played, seemed to permeate our nature with a deeper and sweeter quiet and consolation than we ever before experienced. It was peace, unalloyed and immaterial, a perfect rest, in which all the struggles of active existence were absorbed or toned down into forgetfulness.

It is probable that all present did not feel the full spell of the occasion. There are natures so constituted that the surface, pleasantly touched, yields all the gratification they can receive, and is all satisfying. But to those whose natures are more delicately attuned, music has a deeper meaning, a profounder sentiment; it is not mere tone, but a language which utters exquisite unthought thoughts, which pictures imaginings that have no earthly types, and sweeps over the heart a flood of sentiment, which is neither joy nor sorrow, nor yearning nor unrest, but the mingling of all in a prolonged charm of sensuous delight, too deep to be thoughtless, too ethereal to be mere passion.

Theodore Thomas has achieved the knowledge of making out a popular programme. Having to cater nightly to the appetite of the public, it is no easy matter to always select such piquant dishes as will always tempt and satisfy the palate. But Mr. Thomas has evidently brought the musical cuisine to a high standard, and all can sup gloriously off the entertainment he prepares.

Writing of cooking, reminds us that there are other attractions at Terrace Garden besides music. The brothers Koch are great upon the creature comforts of this life, and serve up the most savory dishes with a promptness almost magical. Those who have not partaken of Terrace Garden fried potatoes, broiled chicken or Hockheimer, have something yet to live for, and should immediately accomplish their destiny. But, if we might suggest a perfect beverage, we would declare that the ice-cold, sparkling Lager Bier of Terrace Garden cannot be equaled in the city.

Let our friends in distant cities ask themselves if they have such an institution as Terrace Garden, and if they have not, let them find a Theodore Thomas and a few brothers Koch and establish one at once. It will be good for man and art at the same time.

## A NEW PIANIST.

A young lady, Mlle. Josefina Filomeno, has just arrived in New York from Lima. She is quite young, scarcely thirteen; but like all the natives of that ardent Southern clime, her

form is far more developed than her years would warrant. She has the dark tinge of the sunny South, and large luminous eyes, whose flash would be dangerous to inflammable natures. Judging from a single hearing at Chickering's store, we should say that she possesses remarkable powers. Her touch is excellent; her execution is rapid and quite brilliant; her repeated notes, and octaves are clear and sharp, and her force is very great. She has a bold and strong grasp of the piano, and has a good appreciation of light and shade. Her position at the piano is excellent and her wrist power and not thumping. She exhibits both taste and feeling and has been well trained in the graces of the art. Her tendency seems to be to the romantic and sensational, and in this direction she has labored intelligently and successfully.

We think that Mlle. Filomeno will make quite a sensation when she appears in public. She purposed first giving a concert in Nashville, but the season is so unfavorable, that she has abandoned the idea, and will probably make her debut before the American public at one of the watering places in a few days.

## SUDDEN DEATH OF A MUSICIAN.

Prof. E. W. Gunter, of Louisville, Ky., was thrown from the vehicle in which he was riding, by his horse taking fright, and instantly killed. The deceased was born in Hanover, Germany, and was fifty-two years of age. For many years he has been a resident of Louisville, and has been identified with its prosperity and improvement. As a musician, his talent was remarkable, and he bore the reputation of being one of the most accomplished in the country. At the time of his death he was organist at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, and an officer of several musical societies, including the Orpheus. He was also connected with the Musical Fund Society, and was in charge of the Saengerbund of that city.

At a meeting of the "Saengerbund," the following preamble and resolutions were passed:

WHEREAS, A fearful accident has deprived us of our esteemed and beloved leader, E. W. Gunter; therefore

Resolved, That we mourn in him a genial and beloved companion, a skillful and pre-eminently gifted colleague, a warm and generous friend, a rare master in his beautiful art.

Resolved, That we tender the family of the deceased our heartfelt, sincere sympathy in their irretrievable loss.

Resolved, That we, the members of the four societies which compose the Louisville Saengerband will attend the funeral in a body.

Resolved, That a copy of the resolutions be furnished the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in all the daily papers of our city.

A. STEIN,  
President of the North America Saengerband.

M. J. ELLER,  
President of the Louisville Saengerband.

ERNST HAHN,  
Secretary.

Louisville, June 14, 1866.  
The musical associates and friends of Prof.

Gunter also held a meeting and passed similar resolutions.

### THE DIS-ORGAN-IZER.

BY OLIVER W. HOLMES.

There are three ways in which men take  
One's money from his purse,  
And very hard it is to tell  
Which of the three is worse;  
But all of them are bad enough  
To make a body curse.

You're sitting on your window seat  
Beneath a cloudless moon;  
You hear a sound, that seems to wear  
The semblage of a tune,  
As if a broken fife should strive  
To drown a crack'd bassoon.

And nearer, nearer still, the tide  
Of music seems to come,  
There's something like a human voice,  
And something like a drum;  
You sit in speechless agony,  
Until your ear is numb.

Poor "Home, sweet home," should seem to be  
A very dismal place;  
Your "auld acquaintance," all at once,  
Is alter'd in the face;  
Their discords sting through Burns and Moore,  
Like hedge hogs dress'd in lace.

You think they are crusaders, sent  
From some infernal clime,  
To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,  
To deck the tail of Rhyme,  
To crack the voice of Melody,  
And break the legs of Time.

But hark! the air again is still,  
The music all is ground,  
And silence, like a poultice, comes  
To heal the blows of sound,  
It cannot be—it is—it is—  
A hat is going round!

What! pay the dentist when he leaves  
A fracture in your jaw;  
And pay the owner of the bear  
That stunn'd you with his paw;  
And buy the lobster that has had  
Your knuckles in his claw.

But if you are a portly man,  
Put on your fiercest frown,  
And talk about a constable  
To turn them out of town;  
Then close your sentenge with an oath,  
And shut the window down.

And if you are a slender man,  
Not big enough for that,  
Or, if you cannot make a speech,  
Because you are a flat,  
Go very quietly and drop  
A button in the hat,

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### LAUREL COTTAGE, CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

To be lulled to sleep at eventide by the soft murmur of ever-falling water, and to be wakened by the musical matins of the soft wood-birds; to dwell up on high blooming mountains where the silver stars are our night companions—oh! if there be an Elysium upon earth, it is this!

And where is the bright locale of this earthly Elysium, and how may it be approached by the mundane dwellers in the vale? Know ye a broad and shining river, whose borders are embellished by the overhanging cliffs and towering peaks of the grandly beautiful Highlands? Upon this shining river float gay pleasure-barks, whose white, fluttering sails will soon waft you to the base of the delectable mountains.

From the village of Catskill to the Laurel House the distance is fourteen miles, five hours of ascent and descent, of interminable winding, now tacking to avoid a frightful precipice, now following the dry bed of some deep ravine, from which we emerge up into an open eminence, from which we catch glimpses of the beautiful upper and lower world, and thence again to plunge into the solitude of deep aromatic woods. A fatiguing ride, one would imagine, but the way is beguiled by the novelty of the ever-changing scenes, and by the varied aspect of the floral kingdom. Here lovely daisies bloom by the wayside, and the thick clusters of the radiant laurel gleam out from the gloom of the mountain pines. Bright berries growing in the clefts of the rocks invite one to linger, and the soft, cool mosses that cling to the impending trees relieve and refresh the eye.

Half way up the mountain there is a small wayside inn. It stands upon the mountain slope in a lonely glen, through which runs a little purling stream, singing a drowsy tune. The mountain birch, sassafras, and wild hazel darken this glen, and shut out all prospect. The silent gloom and the hushed stillness that reign over this lonely spot, have suggested for it the appropriate name of "Sleepy Hollow." Sleepy Hollow! ground made classic by the graceful pen of Washington Irving. Classic ground indeed, for there hangs above the inn door a quaint portrait of Rip Van Winkle as he awakens from his long slumber. And this mountain stream is the "narrow gully" up which Rip Van Winkle and his strange companion toiled with the keg of liquor.

The Mountain House stands at the summit of the mountain, and commands a view as awful as the sublimity of the ocean. But I do not wish to belittle it by any attempt to describe it by my feeble pen.

From the Mountain House to this hotel, the distance is two miles and a half. We pass over a pleasantly undulating road; pass by a crystal lakelet, nestling in the mountain wilderness, and follow its tiny outlet through sighing, sweet-scented pines, until through the green leaves of the blossoming chestnut trees appear the white balconies of the Laurel House. Here the mountains sink down, recede, advance, and rise up into that purple hue of glory, and *voilà le bout du monde!* There is nothing beyond that, I suspect.

The Laurel House is perched upon the impending acclivity of the romantic and awesome Kauterskill Falls; not so mighty as Niagara, to be sure, but awesome and fearful indeed as you bend over the bridge to look down into the chasm below—

one hundred and eighty feet! A lovely iridescent bow, formed by the sun-glow and the spray-foam, hangs like a jewelled diadem upon the brow of this mountain maid. A stairway of shaly steps leads down to the chasm, and the crumbling, half-detached rocks are sufficiently perilous to make the descent interesting.

From the broad piazza of this hotel, I can look down upon the tops of the trees, as they terrace the acclivity of the chasm—a beautiful view—as the moon-tinted boughs are stirred by the evening breeze. The guests are dispersed according to their respective tastes; some strolling among the trees; some leaning over the balcony, communing with the beauty of the night-picture, made ineffably lovely by a dainty crescent moon, while the noise-some footfall of the promenaders upon the piazza is hushed to listen to a sweet voice in the saloon singing sweet Robin Adair.

Since I commenced writing this letter, I have had a *passage d'armes* with one of the guests of this hotel. I was standing alone upon the piazza, when I perceived a gentleman approaching whom I had not seen before. He was an awfully wise-looking German, with a fierce, amber-colored moustache. He stopped before me, and looking in my face, said, with a severe expression, "Miss, was it you who was playing the piano an hour ago?"

I replied that I had been playing this morning.

"Are you a pupil of Gottschalk?" he inquired in the same stern manner.

"I have that honor," I replied.

"I knew it," he said, with awful glee.

"And pray how did you know it?" I asked.

"I knew it by your touch, I knew it by your style," said the grim German.

"I fear," I said, "that Mr. Gottschalk would consider that an equivocal compliment."

"Gottschalk is a humbug!" he said, with terrible emphasis.

"Indeed! and why do you so esteem him?"

"I heard him play twice, and he did not play Beethoven!"

Seeing my look of surprise, he asked, somewhat softened, "Do you think him a great artist?"

"I do" (this very decidedly).

"I have heard Liszt," said the grim German: "he is not equal to Liszt."

"I have never heard him compared to Liszt," I replied.

"Now," he said, "there is Wehli. I like Wehli; he is a German!"

"Oh no, he is an Englishman, and I do not remember ever to have heard him play Beethoven."

"Well," he said, "I like his way of coming upon the stage. Now Gottschalk comes out with such an air, and stares about so! Do you not think Wehli more modest?"

"I thought," I said, "that you were speaking of Mr. Gottschalk as an artist. I did not know that you estimated his musical genius by his address or his manner of coming upon the stage."

"Oh!" he said, contemptuously, "you are an enthusiast, like all women. But I know enough of Gottschalk."

"And pray what do you know?"

"I saw him at Saratoga; *Gud!*" he said, "how he did carry on with the ladies!"

"Unpardonable!" I exclaimed, and with a stately courtesy, I swept past him into the saloon.

CECILIA.